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William Preston Davies

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THE ARMY FLIERS WHO ascended into the stratosphere from Rapid City in the hope of breaking all altitude records and



obtaining valuable new scientific data found at an elevation of ten miles a temperature of about minus 70, Fahrenheit. That is about the temperature that Admiral Byrd has been having at his advanced station in the Antarctic. While nobody knows what is the ultimate

Davies limit of possible heat, if there is any limit, there is a limit to the possible degree of cold. Physicists tell us that heat is the evidence of a form of vibration. The less the vibration, of that particular kind, the less heat is generated, or, in other words, the "colder" it is. If the vibration is absent altogether no heat is generated, and we have what is known as absolute zero. Measured in degrees the absence of all heat, or the greatest possible cold, is about 460 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. That, it is understood, is the temperature of interstellar space, where, so far as we know, there is nothing. That tremendous degree of cold has never been produced artificially, at least on this planet, but one experimenter reports having reached within three tenths of a degree of it. That degree of cold impresses itself on human tissues and human sensations very much as an excessive degree of heat would do. If one touches liquid air, which is many degrees above absolute zero, the sensation is that of a severe burn, and the effects are somewhat similar.

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CURIOSITY IS RENEWED as to why Admiral Byrd chose to spend five months alone in a hut on the Antarctic barrier 120 miles from the nearest human being. Interest in the subject has been revived by news of the unsuccessful attempt of a tractor party from Little America to reach their chief and the absence, day after day, of word from him. Byrd radioed about two weeks ago that his batteries were out of commission, so that he had to crank his instrument by hand. He reported that he had a "bad arm," but whether or not this was the result of some accident he did not say. The tractor party which was sent out for him made a little less than half

the distance, when bad weather and the impossibility of finding the guide flags made return necessary. Whether Byrd received messages, though he could not send them, was not known.

* * *

JUST WHY ADMIRAL BYRD chose that long, lonely vigil, nobody seems to know. Members of his organization in New York profess ignorance. Captain McKinley, a former companion of Byrd, said long ago that he believed that Byrd expected at that lonely post to make discoveries important and startling in their nature, and that he did not wish to ask one of his men to undergo the discomforts which spending those months alone would entail. But McKinley confessed that he was only guessing. Inasmuch as Byrd was in daily communication with his force until recently, the loneliness of the winter would be mitigated. The real danger involved was of illness or accident which, in the absence of help, might easily be fatal. We shall have to await further and more definite information before it is possible to judge fairly whether the possible benefits to be derived are such as to warrant the risk involved.

* * *

WHEN THE NAVY VISITED New York a fund was raised by subscription to provide for the entertainment of the guests. When the visit and entertainment were over there remained in the hands of the committee an unexpended balance of about \$6.00, which was returned, pro rata, to the subscribers. That was so unusual as to cause much comment. Usually there isn't anything left over.

* * *

AT VARIOUS TIMES THE late Carl C. Gowran served as custodian of funds raised locally for civic or philanthropic purposes. On several occasions small balances were left in his hands, and as the sums were too small to return he kept them in separate accounts. Little by little the sum thus derived accumulated until there was on deposit in the aggregate a very substantial sum. Mr. Gowran wished to dispose of this and relieve himself of responsibility. Upon the recommendation of persons who had been associated directly or indirectly with the enterprises for which the funds were raised originally the entire sum, with accrued interest, was paid over to a philanthropic organization for use in its work. Every cent received was accounted for separately. One of the earlier balances had been about doubled by the bank interest which it earned.

SOME YEARS AGO THERE was written in England the story of a man who on New Year's eve was given one wish by a genii. He



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chose to receive at once a complete issue of the London Times for the coming year. When he reached the last number he read the news of his own death. How often we express the wish to be able to see ahead for a few days, or months, or years. Yet what a calamity that would be. Even lives which in retrospect seem to have been the happiest have their dark hours. Across them have been drawn the lines of privation, illness and bereavement. Yet these things have been endured and their ill effects overcome. The spirit has been mellowed by them, but not crushed. But to know in advance of the ill that is to overtake us at a given moment, to live in anticipation of it and in a futile effort to avert it, what a life of agony!

* * *

A RATHER FAMILIAR STORY of a different type is that of the Hudson's Bay factor who had sent to him each year by the company's annual ship to York Factory a complete volume of the London Times for the past year. The papers were stored carefully and each day the number for the corresponding date of the preceding year was perused religiously. Never under any circumstances did the old factor permit himself to anticipate the news of the world by a single day. In that way he was always up to date, even though he might be a year behind the calendar.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE New York Times Book Review asks for an old poem beginning: A fair little girl sat under a tree, Sewing as long as her eyes could see;

Then she kissed her work and folded it tight,
And said "Dear work, good night,
good night."

The poem tells how the birds and animals on their way home said good night to the little girl. The verses were published many years ago in the Campbell's second reader used in the Ontario public schools, and I have no doubt that

some readers of The Herald who were brought up on those books will remember the poem entire.

* * *

ACCORDING TO TURNER Catledge, who writes in the New York Times, Dillinger's only known federal offense was the transportation in interstate commerce of a stolen automobile. All his other crimes, according to the writer, were offenses against state laws, over which the federal government has no jurisdiction. Yet he was shot down by federal officers. This point was raised months ago by Dillinger's attorney, who in a public statement said that the only federal charge against his client was that of the automobile.

* * *

YET IT IS SAFE TO SAY that the federal officers who shot Dillinger were not thinking at all about the automobile charge, but were determined to capture or kill a dangerous criminal. Apparently they were acting outside of their constitutional authority. Yet nobody complains. On the contrary, everybody applauds.

* * *

SINCE DILLINGER'S NAME became familiar to the public, and since the commission of most of his crimes, federal statutes have been enacted which would render similar acts now federal crimes. Among these are laws making it a federal offense to rob a national bank or to kill or assault a federal officer in the discharge of his duty. In this way the federal government has been projecting a few rays of light into the twilight zone between federal and state authority, a zone in which many criminals have found refuge.

* * *

AMERICAN ARMY PLANES have invaded Canada without protest from the Canadian government. Flights across the border are now no uncommon thing. This recalls the fact that some years ago Grand Forks was the objective of the first "invasion" of United States territory by troops under the British flag since the war of 1812. The occasion was that of the first visit of the Ninetieth battalion of Winnipeg to Grand Forks on Winnipeg's civic holiday. The soldiers were uniformed, armed, and under command of their officers. That visit was the first of many exchanges of courtesies between the two cities. This year Winnipeg people in considerable numbers visited the Grand Forks fair, and when the Winnipeg fair opens the visit will be returned.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY AT Wilton died in convulsions after eating chokecherries and drinking milk. His death is attributed



to that combination of cherries and milk. This recalls the belief, familiar in my childhood, that one would surely choke if he ate chokecherries and then drank milk. I have supposed the idea to be a neighborhood superstition, but it is possible that the fruit possesses some peculiar

Davies quality which in contact with milk, sets up violent reaction. I doubt this, however, and suspect that the Wilton child had merely eaten an unusual quantity of the fruit, which, followed by milk, induced a fatal attack of indigestion. Probably any other fruit would have produced a like result. There is, of course, in chokecherries that peculiar puckery taste which is absent from most other fruit.

* * *

THIS YEAR'S DROUTH seems to have had no unfavorable effect on the chokecherry crop, which seems to be as abundant as usual, and the fruit is of equally good quality, although this may not be true of sections of the state in which there has been no rain at all. I suppose the chokecherry is the most abundant and most widely distributed of our wild fruits, at least of those which grow on trees, for there is no section of the state in which it is not to be found in some quantity. Although it may be as plentiful elsewhere I have found it most abundant in Pembina and Cavalier counties, where, in many places, country roads are lined with trees whose fruit literally overhangs the driveway in great black clusters.

* * *

IN THE ABUNDANCE OF chokecherries in a favorable season there is the suggestion of a local industry which might be developed into respectable proportions. This is in the manufacture of an extract or solution for use in jellies and for flavoring summer drinks. The chokecherry has a flavor all its own which most

persons find very pleasant, and it seems that if the work could be properly organized the bottling of the juice for commercial use could be made to provide temporary employment for a lot of people.

* * *

BACK EAST IN MY BOYHOOD the chokecherry was not highly regarded, probably because of the abundance of other fruit, wild and cultivated. One of our favorite wild fruits was a small black cherry which grew on a large tree instead of the more shrub-like growth on which the chokecherry is borne. Another difference is that whereas the chokecherry is borne in clusters, like grapes, our wild cherry grew on single stems, as with commercial cherries.

* * *

I RECALL ONE OF THOSE cherry trees, a big one, in the middle of a pasture, which was as tall as most elms, with a well rounded top. Picking the fruit by hand from such a tree was out of the question. Instead, the women folk would spread sheets on the ground beneath the tree, and with long poles beat off such fruit as could be reached from the ground. Then we small boys would shin up the tree, and thrash the branches with sticks as far as we could reach. It seems to me that we must have got bushels of cherries off that one tree. I don't remember whether the fruit was much used for ordinary culinary purposes or not, but the juice appeared later in cherry wines, cordials and so forth, some of which were decidedly heady.

* * *

THERE IS NO REASON WHY in this section every farm should not produce its own chokecherries. The trees will thrive almost anywhere, if given the shelter of a grove, and if protected from sheep and cattle. If given protection the trees will often appear voluntarily, as the seeds are distributed by birds.

* * *

THE LITTLE PIN CHERRY IS a different sort of fruit, less often found, but very desirable. It is a clear, translucent red, seeming to be almost a miniature variety of the little red pie cherry. At one time it was fairly abundant in the vicinity of Maple Lake. I have been told, also, that it is found in large quantities in the hills west of Park River.

A CURIOUS SUGGESTION AS to why a fire may spread has been received by Dr. J. P. Miller from a friend in his home town in Illinois. A fire for which no one could account occurred in a home there. There had been a small brush fire in the neighborhood, but there seemed to be no possibility of connection between the two until somebody said that a rabbit had been caught in the first fire, and,



W. P. Davies, with fur ablaze, had started the second. As to whether or not a rabbit can carry fire in that way there seems to be no scientific evidence on either side. One person suggests a parallel in the device of Samson to burn the crops of the Philistines by causing foxes to carry fire into the fields. But Samson did not depend on the fur of the foxes to carry the fire. He tied burning brands to their tails.

* * *

DR. C. L. WALLACE GAVE AN interesting address on witchcraft and demonology in general before the Kiwanis club the other day. As he pointed out, belief in witchcraft was one of the most natural things in the world during the period in which that belief flourished most luxuriantly. Consciously or unconsciously human beings inherited in very large measure the customs and beliefs of their ancestors, and to its early inhabitants the world was full of malignant spirits who were employed by Satan to work the annoyance, injury and destruction of regular folks.

* * *

IF THE CREAM REFUSED TO break, if the cows went dry prematurely, if the pickles moulded and the jelly failed to jell, and no other cause was apparent, the obvious explanation was witchcraft. If a child were seized with croup, and it were recalled that on the preceding day a neighbor woman had been seen watching the child intently it was considered quite certain that she had bewitched the child. One could go to a witch, and for a small sum obtain from her a little image made of cloth over which she pronounced incantations, giving the image the name of the person to be injured. Thereupon the purchaser could take the

image and occasionally twist it or stick pins into it, whereupon the victim of the charm, no matter at what distance, would be seized with spasms of pain.

* * *

MY ENGLISH GRANDPARENTS were unquestioning believers in witchcraft. Apparently they never ran across any specific cases of it in Canada. They were open-minded on that phase of the subject. But as to the existence of witches in the old country there never was any doubt. Some of the most fascinating hours of my life were spent around the fire in the winter evenings when some of the neighbors would drop in for a bit of gossip and tales of witches and ghosts were told. Some of those yarns were real thrillers, which raised goose-flesh on me and made me fearful to look out of a window at night because I knew there were all sorts of grinning monsters there. It was all very real to me, and much of it was actually believed by those who told it. Often I have wondered how people could go calmly about the daily affairs of life, surrounded, as they felt they were, by such hideous and malignant beings.

* * *

AN ENVELOPE, WITH ENCLOSURE, addressed to "Grand Hooks Herald, Grand Hooks, North Dakota," was received with the rest of the mail at The Herald office. I can't figure whether in delivering that missive the postal authorities intended to pay a compliment to the town and the paper or not.

* * *

WHEN A YOUTH IN BRANTFORD, Ontario, I worked for Ignatius Cockshutt, the most important merchant in that part of the country. Once a letter from England came addressed simply "I. Cockshutt, Canada." It reached its destination all right.

* * *

COMMENT HAS BEEN MADE on the fact that during this prolonged and widely extended drouth few professional rainmakers have been in evidence. Only a few years ago even a short dry spell in a particular locality was pretty sure to produce a rainmaker who proposed to tap the upper reservoirs at so much a tap. Considerable sums were collected in this way. Sometimes it actually rained after the rainmaker had gone through his motions. Of course it would have fallen anyway. This year all the rainmakers seem to have gone into retirement.

SPEAKING OF RAINMAKERS, science has not repected their claims mere only general principles. Many men of science have



Davies known an enormous expenditure of energy is required to produce a beggarly few raindrops.

* * *

ELECTRIFIED DUST HAS been sprayed from planes upon clouds, with the result that some of the particles of vapor have coalesced and formed rain-drops, but the quantity of rain so produced has never equaled a slight dew. Heavy discharge of cannon have been tried, on the theory that the concussion would shake the particles of moisture together and form drops of rain. In no case has this expectation been realized.

* * *

THE IDEA THAT RAIN COULD be produced by making a big noise persisted for many years. Observers noted that rain fell during or shortly after several of Napoleon's great battles, and the conclusion was drawn that it was the shock of the heavy bombardment that caused the rain. Experiments carefully conducted have failed consistently to verify this belief. As to the record of the Napoleonic and other wars, it appears that during those periods rain fell with just about the same degree of regularity, or irregularity, battles or no battles.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN TRACED, however, a connection between those battles and rain, and a reason is advanced for the connection. Mechanical motive power was unknown. Artillery had to be moved by horses, and a rainy time was a poor time for moving heavy weights. Whenever possible a commander chose dry weather for moving, and when he had got into his new position he was ready to shoot. As wet and dry periods alternate it was quite likely that there would be rain shortly after

an army had taken up its new position.

* * *

IT IS POPULARLY SAID THAT rain cools the air. This is true in a measure. The passage of cold rain-drops through the air does have a cooling effect. But meteorologists tell us that when atmospheric conditions are considered as a whole, the cooling comes first. It is the cooling of the air which causes its contained moisture to condense into rain. A familiar illustration is found in the case of the sponge. A sponge, expanded to its limit, will contain a certain quantity of water. Let the sponge be compressed only a little and it must part with some of its water. So air at a given temperature can hold just so much water. If warm air, almost saturated, is cooled, it occupies less space and can carry less water. So when moisture-laden warm air is cooled, a part of its moisture falls in the form of rain.

* * *

THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS cool the air that flows in from the Pacific, and the excess moisture is deposited, mostly on the western slopes in the form of rain or snow. The air passing over the mountains is warmed on reaching the lower levels, and in its expanded form it lacks moisture. This it sucks up greedily, giving rise to the phenomenon know as the chinook, in which great drifts of snow are evaporated from the western plains, with scarcely a trace of water being left on the surface.

* * *

THAT WHICH IS DONE BY the mountains for the air that comes from the Pacific is none in a measure by the great land bodies, less elevated, of the eastern two-thirds of the continent for the winds that come in great circles from the Atlantic and the Gulf. Usually rain is deposited liberally along the coast, and less liberal in the interior. By the time the air has reached the northern prairies it has lost much of its moisture and has less to deposit in rain. Hence the annual rainfall, year by year, is progressively less with distance from the eastern and southern sources, until there is reached the almost completely arid regions at the base of the rockies.

* * *

IN VIEW OF ALL THESE facts there is little prospect that man can do much to increase rainfall. He can do a great deal to conserve such rainfall as there is, and it is to this that intelligent effort must be directed.

AN INCREASE OF 171 PER cent in rail arrivals at Yellowstone National park up to July 1 this year as compared with the corresponding period of 1933 is reported by the Northern Pacific passenger department. Of the r a i l arrivals those at the northern entrance at Gardiner, Mont., showed the largest increase, 210 per cent. This year seems to be not only a national park year, but a general travel



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year, as passenger trains are in many cases loaded to capacity instead of running practically empty, as was the case a year or more ago. Improved business conditions account for a considerable part of the increase, and lower rates have also done much to get people moving. The railroads are making a determined, and apparently successful effort to recapture some of the passenger business which they have lost in recent years.

* * *

A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF INVOLVED logic is the statement: "All generalizations are false, including this one." Embryo logicians have traveled round and round in the circle described by that statement, and probably their successors for many generations will do likewise. The inaccuracy of detailed generalizations is notorious, yet we will continue to generalize. We seek to classify races, nations and local communities by the use of general terms, regardless of the outstanding cases which the generalizations do not fit.

* * *

NUMEROUS WRITERS AND artists have tried to identify an "American type" of human being, as if it were possible for a general "type" to exist in a country where there is such diversity of race, occupation and geographical distribution. So in the matter of social outlook and political alignment, most attempts at general classification fail. So many exceptions exist that the rule breaks down.

* * *

THE BREAK, OR RATHER, the cessation of intercourse between President Wilson and Colonel House has been the subject of much speculation. Until the Versailles peace conference was well along toward its conclusion the two men were inseparable. Colonel House was trusted by the president and was consulted by

him on every step which was taken or contemplated. Then, suddenly, intercourse ceased, and the two men never met again, nor did any communication pass between them. In a series of reminiscences recently published, Irwin H. Hoover, familiarly known as Ike, for nearly forty years major domo of the White House, discusses the relations of Wilson and House. He attributes the break to the president's illness, which, beginning in France, completely changed his mental attitude, and which, according to Hoover, made him resentful and suspicious. He seemed to conceive the idea that House was presuming on his friendship and was, in effect, trying to supplant the president himself as the chief figure in international negotiations.

* * *

SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF this article Colonel House has denied that there was a break between himself and the president. Apparently he means that there was no open quarrel, which is correct. But it is common knowledge that intercourse ceased, and in his own book of reminiscences Colonel House recognizes that fact and declares himself at a loss to account for it. In his recent statement he says that the president's bedside attendants prevented him from having access to the president and prevented communication between the two.

* * *

THE HOOVER ARTICLE sheds light on a passage in American history which had been obscure. During the president's illness, toward the close of his term, there was raised the question of his ability to conduct the business of his office, and there were suggestions that Vice President Marshall serve as acting president. Hoover says that during those long months Mr. Wilson was almost utterly incapacitated, and that he was able to give affairs of state scarcely any attention. The inference is clear from the article that for some eighteen months Mrs. Wilson was, in effect, president of the United States. We are told that the president made appointments and signed papers at her suggestion in seeming indifference to the character of the subject matter.

* * *

IN ALL THESE MATTERS Hoover was in a position to know the facts. During the president's illness, right up to the close of his term, Hoover was constantly at his side. He says that in his opinion the president never recovered after his seizure at Wichita which interrupted his speech-making tour on behalf of the League of Nations.

ONLY A SMALL PERCENT

age of those living within a few hours' drive of the Lake of the Woods have even seen that body



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of water looks much like another.

* * *

FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE

the lake is usually approached at Warroad. There the country is low and flat, much of it marshy, and the lake spreads out to the north, an apparently limitless expanse of water, and that is all. That is characteristic of the southern and southwestern sections of the lake. East and north the picturesque runs riot. There the shore line is bold and abrupt, and the lake is an intricate maze of bays, lakelets and channels, dotted with islands ranging in size from those of a few yards across to those of many miles in extent. That section of the lake has been compared to the famous Thousand Islands section in the upper St. Lawrence, but the description falls far short of doing the Lake of the Woods justice, for a dozen sections like the Thousand Islands could be set down in the Lake of the Woods, and still there would be plenty of room left.

* * *

ONE REASON WHY THAT

picturesque area has not been more generally visited is because it has been difficult of access. Until recently the northern shore of the lake could be reached only by boat or by rail. There was no automobile road within many miles. I made a short stop at Kenora, at the extreme north of the lake, some 8 or 10 years ago, when the only automobiles in the place were the few that had been shipped in by rail, and they could be used only around town and on little spur roads extending a mile or two into the woods.

* * *

THIS CONDITION HAS BEEN

overcome in part by the extension

of the Trans-Canada highway from Winnipeg to Kenora, and from Fort Frances to Nestor Falls on the east. The road from Kenora has been made passable for about 30 miles toward the southeast, leaving about 30 miles still to be built, and now under construction, to complete the connection at Nestor Falls. Many of the maps show the road along the east side to Kenora as completed, and I was told at Kenora the other day that many persons have been deceived by this inaccuracy, and have gone up the east shore expecting to reach Kenora and go on to Winnipeg, to find at Nestor Falls that they had reached the end of the road. Just now Kenora and the north end of the lake generally, can be reached by automobile only by way of Winnipeg.

* * *

FOR THOSE OF US WHO

have lived on the prairie for a long time a visit to the picturesque part of the Lake of the Woods is interesting and refreshing. Soon after leaving the Red river at Lockport, just north of Winnipeg, one passes into a region of small farms and poplar timber, where, by the way, are some of the finest fields of small grains that I have seen this year. Then comes the broken, and increasingly wild country, from which most of the white pine has been removed, but which is generally covered with a heavy growth of mixed timber, in which the evergreen predominate. Small rivers are crossed, and many little lakes are seen from the highway, while numerous signs indicate the existence of other lakes within a mile or two of the road.

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THE DISTANCE FROM WIN-

nipeg to Kenora is about 150 miles. The road, while perfectly hard in all weathers, is not one for rapid driving. The western 40 miles was once sprayed with oil and is now very rough. The central section is fairly smooth and moderately winding. The eastern 15 miles seems to be the original wagon road, widened and graveled, but winding in and out among and over steep hills, perfectly smooth, but requiring constant watchfulness on account of the steep grades and many sharp curves. The drive from Winnipeg takes about four hours, according to my own experience and the testimony of Winnipeg people whom I met. A new road, which is now under construction, being blasted out of the rocks, parallel the more tortuous one at a distance of only a few yards.

THIS IS THE BLUEBERRY season in the Lake of the Woods district. Carloads of the fruit are being shipped from Kenora at the



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north end of the lake, and from Warroad and Baudette on the southern, or American side. Along the highway from Winnipeg to Kenora when the section of little lakes was reached numerous trucks were seen pulled up by the roadside, each truck heaped with baskets, paste-

board boxes and other receptacles to contain the berries as they were picked. Famously parties of Indians or whites were off in the woods picking. One Indian woman carried a large basket of berries which she had picked, she said, "far away, about two mile," pointing over the hill. Some of the pickers work independently and sell the fruit as they can, but where the industry is conducted on a large-scale commercial basis the pickers pick only for delivery to the concerns with which they have contracts. The crop is reported large this year, and the fruit is unusually fine.

* * *

KENORA WAS FORMERLY Rat Portage. The lake receives the flow from Rainy lake and Rainy river and the tributary streams on both sides of the boundary. Some twenty miles north of Bemidji is a ridge which divides the flow, and at one time a settler had a house on the crest of that ridge, so placed so that, as he explained it, the rain that fell on the southern slope of his roof flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, while that on the north side flowed into Hudson's bay. With such a large drainage area a large volume of water flows through the Lake of the Woods, and all of this is discharged at Kenora into the Winnipeg river, whence it flows into Lake Winnipeg, then by way of the Nelson river into Hudson's bay.

* * *

THAT GREAT WATERCOURSE was the highway for the aboriginal Indians and for the fur traders and trappers who followed them. At the northern end of the lake a fall and series of rapids made a portage necessary, hence the early name, Rat Portage. A large paper mill at Kenora provides employ-

ment for a large crew, and there, and at Norman and Kewatin, adjoining towns, there are lumber and flour mills. Tourist traffic is an important item at Kenora, and this is certain to be of increasing importance as the resort becomes more accessible and better known.

* * *

A FEW MILES SOUTH OF KENORA is the Canadian Pacific chalet and group of cottages, picturesquely situated at the top of a rocky and timbered eminence. The site is admirable and the accommodations excellent, but the place can be reached only by boat. Launches are available at all times, but many tourists prefer to have their cars accessible on short notice. Numerous other camps dot the shores and nearby islands.

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ON SOME OF THE ISLANDS are summer homes the cost of which, I was told, run to five or six figures. These are provided with private launches, two, three or four each, and I was told that the owner of one of those private "camps" has a cruiser which cost him \$120,000—a veritable palace afloat.

* * *

THE ISLANDS ARE BY NO means given up to luxurious dwellings. On a short cruise one often runs across a little island, scarcely bigger than a house, upon which a trim little cottage nestles among the pines, so close to the water that the owner could just about do his fishing from his front porch.

* * *

FISHING THERE IS ANOTHER sport and an industry. For many years the lake has been fished commercially, and large shipments of fish are sent out the year around. These are seined, usually in the open lake, under regulations which seem to be very rigid. The government keeps close tab on the fishing, and when some particular bay seems to offer special attractions for anglers, it is closed to commercial fishing. Few fish are found in the immediate vicinity of Kenora, this fact being attributed by local people to the constant passage of motor boats. In the lake at large, however, fish are said to be as plentiful as ever. This is attributed to the conservation methods adopted by the Ontario government.

* * *

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS is our nearest large body of water. It can be reached by car in a few hours, and in beauty and variety it would be hard to find its equal.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN the atmosphere, the soil, or both, in the northern Lake of the Woods district which gives won-



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derful color to the flowers, which grow in profusion wherever anyone has taken the trouble to plant and care for them. In Kenora almost every doorway has its flower garden. Petunias form the main stock, but there is abundance of zinnias, dahlias and hollyhocks, as well as of less familiar flowers. The growth of all of these is luxuriant, and the colors are brilliant beyond description. In the Canadian Pacific yards around the passenger station there is the finest floral display of its kind that I have ever seen. The hill on the north is high, and along the tracks is a high stone wall surmounted by a terrace on which a solid mass of flowers extends for two blocks or more, while on the perpendicular surface petunias grow from the crevices in the rock wall. In a more formal part of the grounds are some of the finest dahlias that I have seen.

* * *

TWO INFLUENCES SEEM TO be responsible for this intense coloring. One of these is abundance of water. The water supply is, of course, inexhaustible, and power for pumping costs next to nothing. The water is given no treatment except chlorination, to sterilize it, and in dry weather many of the lawn sprinklers are left running night and day. There is also abundance of moisture in the air. The other factor, to which the strong coloring is attributed, is the presence of a considerable percentage of iron in the soil.

* * *

GENERAL JOHNSON THINKS it would be a fine thing if the newspapers would organize a system for the disciplining of such of their members as say uncomplimentary things about the general and the NRA. The general does not seem to understand that a newspaper has a constitutional right to be as mean and ornery as it wishes, just as the general himself has a constitutional right to be unreasonable, abusive and intemperate in speech. There are newspapers which, like the general, abuse their legal privileges, but their extreme utterances, like those of the general, are apt to be discounted, and to have influence in inverse ratio to their virulence.

* * *

WHEN OUR OLD FRIEND, J. F. T. O'Connor, comptroller of the currency, stepped off the Aquitania at Cherbourg the other day and bought a copy of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, he saw spread across the top of the front page the headline "North Dakota Under Martial Law." The paper, a copy of which Mr. O'Connor sent me, devotes its main news story to the developments in North Dakota,

which are stated quite accurately except that the calling of a special legislative session is attributed to Acting Governor Olson instead of Governor Langer, who actually issued the call. With the North Dakota situation as mixed as it was just at that time, an outside paper may be pardoned for an error or two in its story.

* * *

COMMUNICATION HAS AGAIN been established with Admiral Byrd at his remote Antarctic outpost, and a second attempt is being made to reach him by tractor. The party now on the way consists of three men, and an extra supply of gasoline is being carried to be cached at the Byrd camp, to be used in further exploration when the southern summer begins. This time the latter portion of the course is to be laid by navigation, as the flags that were planted as guides are so drifted in that too much time is lost in hunting them.

* * *

NAVIGATION IN EITHER OF the polar regions is difficult because of magnetic conditions, the converging of meridians and a number of other conditions which do not prevail in the temperate or torrid zones. To me navigation anywhere was a mystery until I had it explained to me by a naval officer. "You take a shot at the sun," he said, "put down your figures, then look in the book, and there you are." That made it quite simple.

* * *

A PROBLEM, OF WHICH there have been a few similar examples, presented itself recently down at Danville, Kentucky. Two newspaper men learned in advance that a state representative was to be hanged in effigy. When questioned in court as to the source of their information they declined to disclose it on the ground that the information had been given them in confidence. The judge assessed against them a small fine for contempt of court, and on their continued refusal had them confined for a few hours in jail. This went on for several days, and it seemed that an impasse had been reached, until another man confessed to having participated in the hanging. The judge concluded that the information which he had demanded would not be needed, and the

reporters were allowed to go. The wife of one of the men, during the contest between judge and reporters was asked what she would do if her husband told where he had got his information. "If he does I'll divorce him," she replied.

* * *

A COMMUNICATION TO A newspaper man is not privileged in law, and the reporter who has received such a communication even in confidence may be required to disclose it just as any other individual would be required to do. On the other hand, the violation of a confidence, even under a court order, is repugnant to every sense of honor. When such a conflict arises both judge and reporter are placed in a tough spot. As a rule in such cases the reporter has remained firm and the judge has been as lenient as the circumstances would permit.

DROUTH PREVAILS OVER
the British Isles, and, while the situation there does not compare with that in much of the United



States, it is serious enough. A meteorological survey discloses that for the entire area of Great Britain and Ireland the accumulated deficiencies of water is 27 per cent, and that several months of abnormally heavy rainfall would be required to restore the balance. The

situation is gravest in England and Wales, where, in spite of unusually heavy rains early in 1933, the deficiency at the end of May of this year was 30 per cent. Scotland and Ireland are more fortunate. Although recent rainfall there has been inadequate, the reserves of water in those countries are greater.

* * *

UP IN FAR NORTHERN CAN-
ada they have more jobs than people. At Aklavik, on the shore of the Arctic ocean, is the headquarters of a Mounted Police district. The superintendent, C. E. Rivett-Carnac, in addition to his duties as commander of the little police force, is coroner, deputy-sheriff, commissioner for affidavits, sub-collector of customs, collector of income tax, immigration officer, agent to the mining recorder, receiver of applications for naturalization and registrar of births, marriages and deaths. It would take that man some time to resign.

* * *

SOME DAYS AGO I PUBLISH-
ed a request for a little poem beginning "A fair little girl sat under a tree." Two copies of the poem have been received, one from Miss Mathilde Helland, of Grafton, who writes that she found the verses in Appleton's third reader, and the other from Mrs. Grace Graham, of Fordville, who had the poem assigned to her for memory work when she attended the school near Hanna taught by Peter Dewar, formerly of Manvel and later of Cavalier. Following are the verses, authorship unknown:

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;

Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,

Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;

She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;

The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road—

All seeming to say, with quiet delight,

"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"

Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;

For she knew he had God's time to keep

All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;

The violets curtsied and went to bed;

And good little Luch tied up her hair,

And said, on her knees, her evening prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,

She knew nothing more till again it was day;

And all things said to the beautiful sun,

"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

* * *

THIS POEM, I AM QUITE
sure, was contained in the second reader which was used in the Ontario schools sixty years ago. Mrs. Graham also would like information as to the date of the sinking of an excursion boat on Lake Erie, or possibly Lake Ontario, in which 75 persons were drowned. She thinks this was about 1881 or 1882. My first thought was of the Lady Elgin, but that boat sank many years earlier, as the story of the tragedy was given in one of the Canadian readers in the sixties. Can anyone supply the requested information?

FOR SOME TIME THE NATIONAL museum in Washington has had in its possession an ear of corn, supposedly of Peruvian pre-



Davies

because of the presence of several pebbles in its hollow interior. The imitation is said to be remarkably well done.

* * *

WHILE THE SUPPOSEDLY genuine corn has thus proven to be clay, it is still accepted as evidence that corn was one of the products of ancient Peru, otherwise the imitation could not have been made. The one element of doubt in the whole case lies in the possibility that the clay model may not be ancient at all, but may have been made and planted by a modern artist, to be "discovered" by antiquarians. That sort of thing has been done before.

* * *

THE EGYPTIAN WHEAT myth has been pretty thoroughly exploded, but there was a time not very long ago when it was given wide credence. Wheat said to have been grown from seed which had been buried for three or four thousand years in Egyptian tombs was marketed at fancy prices on representations that it would yield heavily grain of superior quality. Many purchased the seed and planted it. It grew and yielded, but in yield and quality it differed not at all from familiar modern varieties.

* * *

NOT ALL OF THOSE SALES originated in fraudulent intent, at least on the part of western vendors. Wheat of undoubted antiquity have often been found, together with other objects, in Egyptian tombs, but none of that ancient wheat has ever been made to grow. But thrifty Egyptian guides have a pleasant habit of planting in tombs things that tourists would like to find, and then of assisting in the discovery of the buried treasures. Thus, in some cases, tourists actually saw kernels of wheat recovered from tombs which

seemed to be intact. These they bought at whatever price could be extorted from them. The grain upon being planted grew and yielded, and the delighted owners did not suspect that the seed which they had planted was from last year's crop.

* * *

SEEDS VARY GREATLY IN the persistence of their vitality. Some common garden seeds refuse to sprout after being kept over into the second season. Wheat has sprouted after being kept 20 years, but at that age only a small proportion of the seed germinated. The British museum has experimented with genuinely ancient Egyptian seed, but in no case has it germinated. Corn deteriorates rapidly, and seed only two years old is seldom considered safe to plant. Some seeds may retain their vitality longer because of high oil content. On the farms there was a theory that the seed of wild mustard was practically indestructible because of this factor, and that mustard seed buried too deep for germination might lie dormant for years and then sprout when brought near the surface.

* * *

USUALLY ONE THINKS OF A garden as a personal possession, but the author of these lines discovered in it a sort of partnership:

OWNERSHIP.

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee.

I thought my garden belonged to me;

But a large, officious bumblebee
Considers the flowers all his own,
And tells me so, in a warning tone.
Even the path is silver-traced
Where a snail night watchman
slowly paced.

The ground is lumpy with ant hill
homes

And a large, black beetle the fern-
bed roams.

I retreated to sit in the new-
mown grass

To meditate on what had come to
pass,

And a butterfly perched on my
knee to say

I seemed to be somewhat in his
way.

So when friends stop in, on a day
that's fine,

I call this the place that Used To
Be Mine!

* * *

THAT REMINDS ME OF THE old fellow who built himself a mansion upon which architects and landscape men lavished all their skill. Then, when the palace was completed, the owner built himself a little cottage just across the way, and moved in there, so that he could enjoy the view.

AWAY DOWN AT THE OTHER end of the world, in the center of the island of New Guinea, just north of Australia, there has been



Davies

discovered recently a race of human beings not previously known to exist, in an area never before penetrated by white men. Surrounded by mountains the center of the island has been supposed to be a vast jungle. Instead, explorers flying over it by plane, found a vast expanse of

rolling country threaded by pleasant rivers, luxuriant with grass and bits of forest, and inhabited by some 200,000 people who knew nothing of white men and who have had no communication with their neighbors beyond the mountains and along the coast.

THESE PEOPLE ARE DESCRIBED as a fine, sturdy race, and it is supposed that they are the remnant of some prehistoric race of which history has no record. Their language is quite different from that of the coast natives, and, unlike the latter, they are expert in small-scale agriculture and gardening. They grow sweet potatoes, bananas and sugar cane, and their little fields are well tilled and their gardens neatly arranged. The head of the British expedition which was sent to reconnoiter reports that the people are peaceful and friendly, though timid at the approach of strange whites. His government, he says, is determined that they shall not be exploited, and he anticipates no difficulty unless gold is found in the area, in which case it will be difficult to hold back the onrush of prospectors.

IT IS TO BE HOPED, BY ALL means, that no gold will be found there, and that those people, who have done well for themselves, and are living in plenty and contentment, will be left alone and be permitted to enjoy without interference the civilization which they have built for themselves, and which serves their needs, and that neither cupidity nor mistaken kindness will attempt to force upon them new ways unsuited to them, and likely to be injurious.

MRS. J. D. HOVEY, OF TOLNA, North Dakota, who was born in

Wisconsin in 1875, and whose childhood was spent in that state, recalls in the Lakota American how Sunday was spent by the children of her neighborhood 75 years ago, with mention of the activities of other days. Mrs. Hovey writes:

"THE FIRST I CAN RECALL is how my grandmother scrubbed me with soft soap that she had made herself. I always felt like I had been skinned. She then melted some lard in her hand to grease my hair, and proceeded to comb the snarls out. Then I was dressed for meeting at the school house. My stockings were home knit and little cloth gaiters, about two sizes smaller than my feet were pulled on; they had rubber sides. My pantletts were made of nankeen, and hand embroidered. My dress was home-spun wool, no matter how hot the day, as that was my Sunday gown. For every day I had linsy woolsey.

"WHEN WE GOT SEATED the preacher, or colporter, as they called him, came riding an old horse that did not have to be tied. As I recall the C. P. he was tall and thin, had long whiskers on his chin, his coat looked like a vest in front and had what we called swallow tails; his hat was very tall, and was called a stove-pipe hat, and could he talk. For hours and hours he thumped the teacher's desk and said we were all going to hell and would be burned in a fire made of brimstone. If I had not gone to sleep by then I would slip out and run home.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS the neighbors would gather at the corners and have horse racing, dog fighting and sometimes rooster fights. The children played pom-pom-pull-away; the women sat in the shade and visited and gossiped.

ABOUT ONCE A YEAR P. T. Barnum's circus came to Portage City, 10 miles away. The wagon boxes were filled with hay, the younger ones put on that while the older ones sat up on boards across the wagon box. Some were well-to-do and had one spring seat to a wagon. I always had an orange on circus day—the only one I would see for a year. Now if the baby can't have his orange juice every day he won't grow. I wonder if people were not just as happy and contented then as now. They had pork and beans, johnnie cake and sorghum molasses and singing schools. What more could they expect or want?"

WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE SAY that the planting of trees or the damming of streams and the creation of a lot of little lakes will in-



crease rainfall I think of a brief visit to the West Indies ten years ago. Upon the arrival of our party at the little island of Culebra, a mere speck in a vast expanse of water, we found the island drenched from a torrential rain which had fallen a day or two before. More

W. P. Davies. rain fell during our stay. We were told that those rains were the first that had fallen there in four years. There and on nearby islands we saw various devices for catching and saving water from the occasional rains for drinking purposes. Great sections of mountain sides were plastered with cement to conduct the water into vast cisterns at the base. Great towers that had once been sugar mills had been cemented to make them waterproof, and these were used for water storage. Thus it was possible to save enough water from the rains that fell every one, or two, or three, or four years to serve the needs of the inhabitants.

* * *

THOSE ISLANDS HAVE THE Atlantic ocean on one side and the great Caribbean sea on the other. They are situated in the tropical zone, where, day after day, for 365 days in the year, the sun lifts water into the air at a rate scarcely conceivable in more temperate latitudes. And yet, down there, drouth is the normal condition, with rain occurring only once in many months. A saving factor in the situation is that when rain does come there it comes in torrents, and the earth is never completely dried out, and the lower strata, of course, are always saturated because of the proximity of sea water. But, if the immediate proximity of water in process of evaporation insures rain, why isn't it raining nearly all the time all over the West Indies? It isn't.

* * *

I KNOW OF NO PLACE NEAR by where there is a better opportunity to observe bird life than the beautiful DeRemer home in Riverside park. From the rustic cabin at the river's edge one has a view of the rolling eastward slope

with its stately trees, where in the morning the land birds congregate to greet the rising sun, and also of the river, where wading and swimming birds feed and play. From that vantage point Mrs. DeRemer during the past few years had identified no less than 80 species of birds, some of them very rare in this territory.

* * *

LAST YEAR MRS. DEREMER was puzzled by the arrival of six bird visitors which were strange to her. They were large birds, ap-

parently of the size of geese, and they chose for their perch a dead branch on a large tree at some distance across the river. Presently the number dwindled to three, and the three remained until the approach of cold weather. This season either the same three or others just like them appeared again, and those three still occupy the same perch. By the use of a field glass and a collection of birds books Mrs. DeRemer has concluded tentatively that the birds are cormorants, of which I never heard before in this part of the country.

* * *

CORMORANTS ARE OF MANY varieties, those best known inhabiting sea coasts. They have been tamed and trained to catch fish for their owners, the precaution being taken to fasten a strap around the neck of the bird before it is sent fishing, so that it cannot swallow the fish as fast as it catches them. There are also cormorants which frequent inland waters and do their fishing there.

* * *

ON AUGUST 6 THE VALLEY City Times-Record headed its editorial column with a brief paragraph in appreciation of Percy R. Trubshaw, former publisher of the paper, the day being the anniversary of Mr. Trubshaw's death last year. The Times-Record is now published by Mrs. Trubshaw under the editorial management of Thomas E. Nugent. For a full generation Percy Trubshaw was one of the outstanding figures in North Dakota newspaperdom. For years he published the Cooperstown Courier, which he sold to enter the daily field in Valley City.

* * *

EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT us several things about the use of oil on highways. One of these is that a good foundation is absolutely essential if the road is to stand up. Another, which has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated, is that spraying oil on gravel will not make a good road. Among the multitude of evidences of this we have the condition of

No. 81 from Grafton to Pembina. There also remains as a question still open the ultimate economy of the "oil mix" treatment in preference to concrete.

* * *

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE of the "oil mix" road is the highway between Emerson and Winnipeg. Scarcely could there be a better foundation. For years that was a well-traveled gravel road. As heavy traffic pounded each coating into the roadbed another coating was given, and that roadbed now must be a mass of almost solid rock. On top of that a heavy coating of oil-treated gravel was laid and rolled down with heavy rollers. When finished the road was perfect. It is still a good road, but it has been kept good only by constant repair work, for in spite of the solid foundation and the heavy surface coating, the top has bulged here and broken there, and the annual maintenance cost must be considerable even on a road as well built as that is.

EMPHASIZING THE IMPORT-
ance of conserving straw and other
rough feed, Dr. J. E. Engstad quotes
as follows from a letter which he

received from J. M. McCall, acting
superintendent of
school and exper-
iment station at
Crookston.

"I received your
letter, and I can
say that I heart-
ily agree with
you in your ideas
concerning the
saving of straw.
We have been
urging farmers
throughout the
district this year
to save every bit

Davies
of straw they have. There is al-
ready a demand for rye and wheat
straw and they are bringing good
prices on the market. Dr. Andrew
Boss, of the Minnesota experiment
station has just sent out a notice
to all the valley and state papers
to farmers to stack their straw
carefully and bale it ready for ship-
ment before any spoilage occurs."

* * *

A letter of similar purport has
been received from Commissioner
Trovaten of the Minnesota depart-
ment of agriculture, who describes
the methods being used by his de-
partment to insure the conserva-
tion of rough feed for use in dis-
tricts where the supply is scant.
Of his own experience Dr. Engstad
writes:

* * *

"I may in passing note that three
years ago a so-called stingy farm-
er living north of Grand Forks on
the Minnesota side who had saved
his straw stacks charged his neigh-
bors from \$6.00 to \$7.00 a ton for
straw. I might add that most of
these neighbors had burned their
straw early in the fall.

* * *

"In the dry years of '88, '89, and
'90, I had charge of the large Eddy
farm near Kempton. My foreman
was instructed to save all the straw
he could. This was sometimes dif-
ficult as the threshers invariably
went on a strike after the third or
fourth day if they were detailed to,
as we may express it, 'stand in the
straw stack.' We were, therefore,
by necessity compelled to buck the
straw away from the machine. Our
neighbors nearly always burned
their straw and were soon in the
market for straw. Farmers to-
wards the hills where there were
almost total crop failures were
some of our best customers. The

average income from straw during
the three years was about \$300.

* * *

"After forty years with exper-
ience in dry years as well as wet
years, most of the farmers are still
burning their straw. I understand
that shippers expect that the straw
may be marketed at from \$6.00 to
\$8.00 a ton if properly dried and
taken care of."

* * *

A correspondent asks where he
can find the poem on labor begin-
ning:

"Ho! Ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow."
Each stanza of the poem closes
with the lines:

"Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do."

The poem has appeared in both
American and Canadian readers of
many years ago, but I have not
been able to find a copy.

* * *

In a chatty letter reminiscent of
old times Fred Redick tells of mov-
ing from his former home at Re-
seda, California, to Tarzana, which
is nearer his service station at
18035 Ventura Boulevard. This,
Fred remarks, is only 183 blocks
from down-town Los Angeles—al-
most in the heart of the city.

* * *

Fred mentions that he just had
a call from Jim Lyons, who was
then headed for Hollywood, not, ap-
parently, for the purpose of crash-
ing the movies, but to visit rela-
tives. Tarzana, as one might sus-
pect, is named for the famous fic-
tional character created by Edgar
Rice Burroughs. Near there Mr.
Burroughs has a beautiful country
home and ranch where he spends
his time when he is not busy writ-
ing at his office in the city.

* * *

Enclosed with Fred's letter is a
photo of the residence which he
occupies, with Fred himself in the
foreground. On the reverse of the
card is the information that the
house is 12 miles from Hollywood,
21 miles from down-town Los An-
geles, and that it has five rooms
and bath, hardwood floors up stairs
and down, wall bed, gas burner in
floor, double garage, one acre of
Kadota figs and plenty of shrubs
and flowers. And Fred gets all this
for the amazing sum of \$14 per
month.

* * *

Said Alkili Ike to Dusty Rhodes:
"D'you think there's any chance of
us getting to Heaven when we die,
Dusty?" "You never can tell," said
Dusty, "but from what I've heard
of the place we won't feel at home
there if we do make it."

NEIL McDOUGALL, OF OME-
mee, read the story the other day
of the rabbit which was said to
have caught fire and to have



spread the con-
fl agration by
running, ablaze,
from place to
place. That re-
minds Mr. Mc-
Dougall of a
somewhat similar
story that was
current in Can-
ada in his boy-
hood, only in
that case the
principal p e r-
former was a cat
whose fur was ig-
nited by a coal
which her mas-
ter dropped while lighting his pipe.
The burning cat set fire to the
house, which was destroyed.

* * *

AN OLD IRISH NEIGHBOR OF
Mr. McDougall's told him of the
method practiced in Ireland to
break the spell cast by a witch
over the cream which had rendered
it impossible to make butter. The
informant's family found that,
churn as they might, butter would
not come, while a woman near by
who was popularly suspected of be-
ing a witch was churning and sell-
ing butter right along. The boy
was sent to the witch to buy from
her a pound of butter, unsalted.
The boy performed his errand. The
witch weighed out the fresh but-
ter and when she left to get salt
for it the boy seized it and ran.
Part of that butter was put in the
next batch of cream, which broke
without any difficulty, and there-
after the family had no similar
trouble.

* * *

STORIES OF THAT CHARAC-
ter were told in all seriousness and
were believed without question.
Not only were they believed by
those to whom they were told, but
in many cases they were believed
by those who told them and who
professed to have experienced the
marvels which they related. Given
a belief in magic, white or black,
and it is not difficult for us to con-
vince ourselves that many of our
most ordinary experiences are the
result of magic.

* * *

PRESIDENT WEBSTER MER-
rifi eld, of the University of North
Dakota, once faced what seemed

dangerously like a charge of big-
amy. Shortly after their marriage
he and Mrs. Merrifi eld made a tour
of Europe. On entering Germany
it was necessary to have identifica-
tion papers filled out, and these
went into quite minute detail. Ask-
ed his own age, Prexy answered
promptly and accurately. When it
came to his wife's age, he was
stumped. He had never inquired.
Thinking that an approximation
would be satisfactory he made a
rough guess and named a figure,
which was set down. A little la-
ter, wishing to move on to another
place, he had to have another
set of papers filled out in order to
obtain permission. In the mean-
time he had inquired Mrs. Merri-
fi eld's age and found that his
guess was three or four years off.
On this occasion he gave her cor-
rect age. Within a few hours he
received a visit from a police of-
fi cer, who bore the two sets of pa-
pers, and, pointing accusingly to
the discrepancy in the figures the
offi cer asked: "Have you one wife
or two?" With some difficulty the
matter was adjusted, and Presi-
dent Merrifi eld escaped both pris-
on and deportation.

* * *

ADMIRAL BYRD HAS BEEN
reached and rescued from what
was becoming a precarious situa-
tion. Exactly that has occurred
which was seen as possible when
that long, solitary vigil was under-
taken. A slight misadventure in
the operation of an oil stove result-
ed in the discharge of fumes which
might easily have been fatal, and
which, in fact, seems to have been
grave enough. A little further tilt-
ing of the balance would have been
fatal.

* * *

THE PUBLIC HAS YET TO
learn of any purpose which was ex-
pected to be served by Byrd's re-
sidence alone under those condi-
tions which could justify an act
in which the hazard was so great
and so apparent. If that feat had
been undertaken by a man of lesser
fame and of lesser real achieve-
ment it would have been discount-
ed, and probably with justice, as a
mere publicity stunt. Byrd, we
have understood, is above such
tricks. It is to be hoped that this
estimate of him need not be chang-
ed, and that we shall learn of some
definite purpose in his vigil com-
mensurate in importance with the
hazard involved.

LAST DECEMBER HENRY Schuldts and family left Stevensville, Montana, for Germany. When the reports from the Northern Pacific office at Stevensville were checked up it was found that through an error the Schuldts had been overcharged \$3.21 for their tickets. They had left the country and their exact destination was unknown. By means of inquiry at steamship offices and a bank it was learned



Davies

that they had gone to Munsterdorf, Germany, and to that point the amount of the overcharge was sent a few months ago.

* * *

IN THAT CASE NO CLAIM had been made, but once it took me almost that long to collect from a railway company after making a claim. Living on a farm I had ordered a car of lumber for use in building. On a Saturday evening Dave Dobson, one of my men, went to the village five miles away and returned with the mail, which included a card from the railway agent notifying me that a car of lumber had arrived for me that day and that it must be unloaded within 24 hours or demurrage would be charged.

* * *

THE FREIGHT TRAIN ARRIVED at 11 A. M., and I arranged to have men and teams go to the station Monday morning and unload the car. The men left Monday morning with instructions to unload the car any old way so as to have it empty by 11 o'clock and to load their wagons afterward. The exact amount of money was sent to pay the freight.

* * *

WHEN THE MEN RETURNED Dave reported that the agent had refused to let him have the lumber except upon paying \$3.00 demurrage. Dave had borrowed the necessary amount from the local merchant and paid it. On the ground that Sunday was a day on which all work was prohibited I filed a claim for the return of the three dollars. I got it after about six months, during which time the correspondence on the subject had

piled up about a foot high. I never knew before that a railroad company had so many auditors and departments to pass on things and ask questions about them.

* * *

AUGUSTUS THOMAS IS DEAD. Living to the great age of 77, he had achieved a reputation for clean, honest, artistic work rarely equaled, and never surpassed, I believe, in the history of the American drama. His had been a varied career, including, before he settled down to the serious business of playwriting, work as newspaper reporter, railroad brakeman, illustrator, messenger, law student and labor leader. Each of these occupations yielded him material for the portrayal of life on the stage, and in that work he charmed and inspired multitudes and won lasting honors.

* * *

HIS FIRST REALLY SUCCESSFUL play was "Alabama," produced in 1891, and given in Grand Forks not long after. "Arizona," another hit, was given in Grand Forks at least twice. In another of his plays, "The Earl of Pawtucket," Lawrence D'Orsay gave a Grand Forks audience a hint of the quality which was to establish his position as one of the leading actors of his day. "The Earl of Pawtucket" was revived within the past year. Still later Mr. Thomas lectured in Grand Forks, and impressed his audience with his eloquence and sincerity. The stage has given us much that is cheap and tawdry, but it has also shown possibilities of a vastly different kind in the work of such men as Augustus Thomas.

* * *

DOWN IN CONNECTICUT the general election will not be held until November 6, but already the first ballot in that election has been cast. The state law provides that absent ballots may be cast any time between August 6 and November 6, and the other day one voter applied for an absent ballot, marked and deposited it. As candidates for the election have not yet been chosen the city clerk was mystified. He couldn't understand how one could vote when there were no candidates in the field. The voter replied that he had voted a straight ticket, for what party he did not say. Evidently he decided that whatever the party of his choice decided to do would be good enough for him.

A SHORT TIME AGO A COR-
respondent asked for information
concerning a steamship tragedy of
he early eighties which she thought

occurred on Lake
Erie or Lake On-
tario. James A.
Thorburn of Bot-
tineau thinks that
the d i s a s t e r
meant was that
which occurred on
the Thames river
n e a r London,
Ont., when the
steamer Victoria
capsized with a
load of excur-
sionists. C o n-
cerning the same
disaster J. A. Mc-

W. P. Davies.

Intosh of Cavalier
writes: "In response to Mrs. Gram-
ham's inquiry, August 11 column,
there was an overloaded excursion
boat toppled sideways into the
Thames river, London, Ontario, in
1881 on the 24th of May. Some-
thing attracted the attention of the
excursionists on one of the shores
when nearly all rushed to that side
so much so that they were pre-
cipitated into the river. Nearly
one hundred drowned, mostly wom-
en and children. One man unable
to swim walked to the shore safely
oever the struggling bodies. There
was a young man from my home
town in Bruce county, named Bill
Hay, and a good swimmer got
ashore. Seeing so many women
and children struggling helplessly
in the water he rushed into the
rescue. Somehow or other he was
struck on the head with a floating
piece of timber, stunned and
drowned. I can well remember
when his body was brought back to
Pinkerton, Bruce county, for burial,
on account of the deep sadness
that enveloped the community over
his untimely death and sacrifice. I
too read in closing, 'Good Night
and Good Morning' in the old stone
school house near the old Plum
creek."

* * *

CROWDING TO ONE SIDE OF
a vessel may lead to tragedy. Or,
the result may be funny, as in a
case in which I participated. In
the late seventies or eighties I went
to Toronto on an Orangemen's ex-
cursion on the 12th of July. Little
steamers plied across the harbor to
Hanlan's point, where Ed Hanlan,
the famous oarsman, owned a ho-
tel. I had gone across to inspect
the island and swim in the lake,
and on the return trip we ran
across Hanlan himself, out for ex-
ercise in his shell. He rowed cir-
cles around us, and the passengers
crowded first to one side and then
the other to see the celebriy, which
caused the little boat to list badly.
The captain ordered us to keep our
places, and all but one passenger
obeyed.

THE EXCEPTION WAS A BIG
Orangeman, decked out with
badges and regalia, who had
enough drinks to make him argu-
mentative and combative. He re-
fused to budge, standing on his con-
stitutional right to be wherever he
chose to be, and when the captain
undertook to draw him from the
rail he made a pass at the officer,
and a fight was on. In the scrim-
mage the captain slipped and fell,
and the helmsman, seeing his su-
perior at a disadvantage, left his
wheel and joined in the fray. The
course of our craft must have
amazed onlookers, for we headed
to every point of the compass.
Women screamed, children cried,
and an exciting time was had by
all. Presently the obstreperous
passenger was brought under con-
trol, the ship was brought to port,
and the passenger was turned over
to a cop, who led him off, reason-
ing with him in a fatherly manner.

* * *

THE MYSTERY SURROUND-
ing the sudden, seemingly capric-
ious, shifting of bees from one kind
of plan to another has been lifted,
in part at least, by recent entomo-
logical students in California by the
United States department of agri-
culture. The concentration of nec-
tar seems to be the deciding factor
in drawing bees to blossoms. Ap-
parently, bees like their nectar
straight, the entomologists say.

* * *

THE BEES OBSERVED IN
California avoided fruit blossoms
of open structure, such as apri-
cot and some plum blossoms, dur-
ing the time the nectar was dilut-
ed with rain or dew, reports a fed-
eral bulletin. Almond blossoms,
however, in which the nectar was
well protected, were attractive to
the bees at all times. Apple blos-
soms, which in general rank high-
est of all deciduous fruit tree blos-
soms in California in attractive-
ness to bee visitors, do not enter
into competition with other fruits
because they blossom so late that
they have the field to themselves.

* * *

BEES OFTEN DEVOTE THE
early morning hours to the gather-
ing of pollen only. For example,
they were abundant among the
Bartlett pear trees each morning
during the observation period, but
shifted to apricot and plum blos-
soms as the sun caused evapora-
tion of the dew deposited during
the night in these blossoms. Blos-
soms of other plants having high-
ly concentrated nectar may lure
bees away from orchards, the study
showed. Mustard, chickweed and
manzanita, growing near orchards,
kept bees from visiting fruit trees
as frequently as they otherwise
would have done.

THE CHURCHES FERRY SUN
urges the adoption throughout the state of a program of individual tree conservation, not as a substitute for the

JOHN HANEY SENDS ME A
clipping from a Canadian paper containing a story from Brantford, my old home town, to the effect that Frank Clark, a resident of that city, claims credit for a great rain storm that recently visited that section. Mr. Clark has a conception of wires and things concealed in a packing case with which he says that he can produce rain at will. The dingus, it appears, is more than rainmaking concern, for its inventor says it can also be operated as a radio receiver, and that he expects to adopt it to television. It should be easy to fix it so it would shell corn and cook flapjacks. Mr. Clark has come on the scene since my time, but I can remember when the people back there laughed at Bell for thinking that he could talk over a wire, so perhaps we should respect judgment with reference to Mr. Clark. If his machine will do all that he says, it is to be hoped that he will use it in moderation. We want rain, but not a deluge.



W. P. Davies. begin transplanting every little tree they find on their premises, within three or four years a large portion of the trees needed for planting the shelter belt across North Dakota would be available.

* * *

I TAKE IT THAT THE TREES for the government's work will be obtained from large-scale plantings, from which they can be removed to the places where they are needed more cheaply than they could be obtained from scattered individual plots throughout the state, even if, in the latter case, the trees were donated by the growers. But why not transplant these seedlings as suggested and create a little grove on every farm?

* * *

SEEDLINGS OF ASH, ELM, box elder and cottonwood spring up almost wherever the soil is cultivated and some shelter is given. Each spring I hoe up hundreds of such plants in my garden. Here they are merely weeds, for there is no place to which to move them, but such plants collect around the edges of a farm garden and planted in a suitable place would soon develop into a satisfactory grove provided they were protected from stock.

* * *

ONE OF THE FINEST ELMs in Grand Forks is at the rear of the Swiggum home on Reeves drive. Years ago Geo. B. Clifford, then the owner of the property, found a little elm seedling growing from under the edge of his back porch. He was about to pull it up and throw it away, but it was a thrifty little thing and he decided to cave it. He dug it up, and set it out in the back yard, where it has become a magnificent specimen.

TURKEY AND EGYPT ARE experiencing the influence of western contact in the matter of surnames. In those countries, as in most others in their early stages, there were no such things as surnames. The individual was given an arbitrary or descriptive designation, and to this might be added, for further designation, the name of his father, of his village or his tribe. That, in effect, has been the practice in both Egypt and Turkey, but the people there are moving about more and are adopting western ways, and in both countries regulations are being made for the use of family names, somewhat similar to the practice in western Europe.

* * *

MOST OF US ARE FAMILIAR with the fact that the name, "Angus McDonald," originally meant, "Angus, son of Donald." Various prefixes and suffixes to indicate that relationship have been used, as "O", "Fitz," and "son." The Hebrew form is "ben, the Arabic "ibn," and the Persian "leh." The Spaniards have used the conjunction "y" to join the mother's surname to the fathers, and this has resulted in some combinations which, to most of us, would seem remarkable, as when the Spanish caballero in the humorous poem announces himself as "don Camillo Guzman Miguel Pedrillo de Xymenes y Ribera y Santallos y Herrera," with a long string of other designations.

TO HAVE A POLICEMAN IN a foreign country flash our own photograph on you when making an official visit would be likely to



Davies

give one a shock. That was the experience of Dr. Isaac S. Corn, now on leave of absence from Wesley college, while he was a student in Germany. As is well known, the German regulations concerning passports and all that sort of thing have always been very strict, and violation of them

is apt to entail serious consequences. On entering Germany as a young student Dr. Corn was careful to see that all his papers were in order, and he was admitted without difficulty. His permit to remain in the country was for a limited time, as was customary, and when that period approached expiration he applied in the usual manner for an extension. Something went askew, and no notice of extension was received, and a new application was made, also without result. In the meantime he had continued his studies and had allowed his period of legal residence to expire, supposing that the matter would be adjusted in a short time.

* * *

NO ADJUSTMENT WAS made, and when the time when he had intended to leave the country approached he applied for the usual permit to leave, which was issued. Shortly thereafter he received a visit from a Berlin policeman, a large and formidable-looking person, who pulled some important-looking documents from his pocket, and among them, to the visitor's consternation Dr. Corn's own photograph, a duplicate of that on his passport. To this the officer pointed accusingly, and identifying his victim from it, charged him with being in Germany without leave.

* * *

DR. CORN INVITED THE OFFICER to his room, and, producing various documents tried to convince him that he had made proper application for extension of leave, and also exhibited his permit to depart, which, he maintained, would not have been issued unless everything had been in order.

He was not sure whether or not he had convinced the officer of his innocence of evil intent until the latter, thawing a little, asked: "Have you any American postage stamps?" He explained that his young son was interested in stamps and would appreciate any that the stranger had to spare. Dr. Corn had just dumped into his waste basket a quantity of old envelopes, and from these he retrieved a quantity of stamps, which were accepted gratefully. To cap the climax he gave the officer a Lincoln penny for his son. The officer recognized the portrait and expressed his admiration of Lincoln. This closed the episode but Dr. Corn confesses to a sinking feeling when he saw that Berlin officer flash his photograph.

* * *

ON ANOTHER OCCASION DR. Corn, in search of rooms, was directed to the home of a retired German general, a widower, who had rooms to rent. The general was of an old family and inhabited a pretentious mansion. Dr. Corn was admitted to the general's study quite ceremoniously, and found the old general fully as formal and forbidding in appearance as his imagination had conjured up. Glancing about the room he noticed over the general's desk, in the most conspicuous place in the room, a large copy of the famous picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. He made some comment on the fact, and the general's face lighted up and his eyes sparkled, as he exclaimed "Ah, your Washington! He was a great man!" Dr. Corn found, as was quite natural, that the general's admiration was for Washington as a soldier rather than as a statesman.

* * *

THE CANADIAN QUINTU-plets have had a hospital built for them. Donations from many quarters provided the funds for a small hospital building where the five little girls, still in incubators, are cared for by special nurses. Of course the rarity of quintuplets accounts for the attention which is being paid to those five children, but there is something in the struggle for life itself which commands interest. We get a thrill out of the gallant rescue of a lone individual from the menace of death, when, neither before nor after, have we any interest in him.

* * *

DICKENS TOUCHES EFFECTIVELY on that point in "Our Mutual Friend." One of his characters, a disreputable fellow known

as Rogue Riderhood, is dragged out of the river after an accident, apparently drowned. He was an exceedingly unpleasant person, disliked and despised by everyone, but men who knew and despised him worked heroically to recover his body and stand, awed and anxious, while doctors attempt resuscitation, and as one reads the story he can sense the tenseness with which all watch for the faintest sign of returning life. Life does return, and consciousness, and as the miserable self of the man resumes its sway, interest subsides, dislike returns, and the rescued man is just plain Rogue Riderhood again.

* * *

A PARAGRAPH FROM DICKENS pictures a part of the scene: "See! a token of life! An indubitable token of life! The spark may smoulder and go out, or it may glow and expand, but see! The four rough fellows, seeing, shed tears. Neither Riderhood in this world not Riderhood in the other, could draw tears from them; but a striving human soul between the two can do it easily."

A CHATTY LETTER FROM
George A. Benson, Washington correspondent of the Minneapolis Journal, tells of a visit of Don V.



W. P. Davies. Moore to the capital, and of reunions of the two old Grand Forks men with others of their acquaintance now in Washington. Don Moore, who came to Grand Forks to operate the branch commission office of his uncle, Chas. E. Lewis, of Minneapolis, was the first secretary of the Grand Forks Commercial club and of the Grand Forks fair. He is now operating a five thousand-acre ranch in Texas, formerly the property of the Lewis family, but of which Don has become principal owner. His address is Crystal City, Texas, and everybody ought to write him a letter.

BENSON SAYS THAT MOORE has become a typical Texas ranchman. He wears a several-gallon hat, and his present ambition is to raise enough crop to buy one of the \$80 broadbrims which are worn in exclusive Texas circles. Mrs. Moore drove with him to Chicago and then went on to Michigan to visit their married daughter, Mary, who has two children. Robert, the son, also married, and with five children, lives on the farm and assists in its management. Benson says that Don has changed little, except that his hair has grown a little more gray, and that he can still sing "I'm a little prairie flower" as melodiously as of yore.

WHEN DON RAN THE COM- mission office in Grand Forks he was located just across the hall from me in the old Herald building, and often when there was little doing he would slip across the hall for a chat, leaving both doors open so that he could hear a call. Don might be telling a funny story, paying no attention whatever to the click-clack of the telegraph instrument in his office, but the moment that his own call sounded he would be across the hall like a shot. To me all the calls sounded alike, but I suppose Don would have recognized his own call even in his sleep. Telegraphers are that way.

DON HAD A PLEASANT VISIT with his old friend, Secretary Wallace, who, when Don was secretary

of the Iowa fair at Sioux City, covered the fair for his farm paper. With Benson, Moore also called on Herschel Hunter, who is with the Deposit Insurance corporation, and on Judge Birdzell, who is winning distinction as counsel for the same corporation. Dr. John Lee Coulter is another of the old Grand Forks crowd. He is serving as special representative of the Peek reciprocal trade organization, and he is credited with being the best informed man in Washington on all matters relating to the tariff.

M'INTYRE, WHO DIGS UP more interesting stuff than any other columnist, quotes a line from one of the old melodramas which always won a big round of applause: No man who lays hands on a woman save in caress deserves the name of American gentleman." How a sentence like that used to ring out! Another line which comes to mind was spoken in some play, not now recalled, by a Southern gentleman of the old school, suh! Legal proceedings had been brought against the lady of the piece, which aroused the ire of the old gentleman. It was explained to him in extenuation that the suit was only a civil suit. "Suh!" proclaimed the old gentleman in rising tones, "no suit against a lady is evah civil." And did the audience raise the roof!

FRED BORUSKY, OF LANG- don, writes that he studied the poem beginning "Ho, ye who at the anvil toil," in the fifth reader in New York. I have no doubt many readers would appreciate the poem if he could supply it.

DRIVING ALONG A NORTH- ern railway recently I saw on the road a dead porcupine which evidently had been struck by a passing car. I have wondered since about the later experience of the driver of that car with his tires. A friend of mine who has been driving through the Minnesota woods for many years tells me that in his opinion the man who has the misfortune to strike a porcupine with an automobile tire may as well buy a new tire and tube at once and have it over, for the cost of repairs and ruined tubes will soon amount to the price of a new outfit. The trouble is that the quills penetrate the rubber of the tire and the barbed points remain imbedded there without being noticed. Presently one works through and punctures the tube. Presently the process is repeated, and it may be repeated a dozen times. Therefore it is cheaper to write the thing off as a dead loss at once.

A CLUSTER OF NINE AP-
ples on one small twig has been
left at the office for inspection by
J. W. Wolford, 1005 Oak street.



Davies

The fruit is not
a product of
North Dakota, but
of Indiana, and
is from a tree
which was plant-
ed 50 years ago
by Mr. Wolford
at his former
home near Akron,
Indiana. Mr. Wol-
ford says that
the tree now
measures 34
inches in diame-
ter near the
ground, has
branches with a
circumference of 106 feet, and is 25
feet high. The prospective yield
from the tree this year is 25 bush-
els. Its average yield for 49 years
has been seven and one-half bush-
els, without a single failure. Mr.
Wolford does not name the variety
of apples, but he says that when
they ripen, in October, they are red
and of good size, similar to Wine-
sap or Delicious.

* * *

ONE OF MY EARLIEST RE-
collections is of apples. When I
was so young that relatives have
insisted that it would be impossible
for me to remember anything
about it I was taken to visit a
great-aunt who lived on a little
farm north of the western end of
Lake Erie, a famous apple country.
There the old lady took me by the
hand and led me off to give me a
big red apples from a great pile
that she had stored in a vacant
room. The idea that I don't re-
member that pile of apples, and the
rich fragrance that arose from
them as they went through the
"sweating" process which was nec-
essary to develop their finest flav-
or! Nonsense!

* * *

THE EARLIEST APPLE IN
our orchard in my boyhood was
an unnamed yellow fruit known
only as a "harvest" apple. It was
not good for cooking, but was fine
for eating when fresh. It ripened
rapidly and quickly became dry
and mealy, and could be kept only
a few weeks. After the harvest ap-
ple came the mid-season fruit,
which with us included the small-
ish red snow apples and the Tall-
man sweets, both of which were
good for eating and baking but
not for general cooking, and sev-
eral varieties of pippins, big, juicy
fellows, quite tart, which made de-
licious pies and sauce, and which,
with care, kept well along into the
winter. Our late apples was the
Rhode Island greening, hard and
rather juiceless when picked, but
which mellowed with age and was

at its best about March. Many oth-
er varieties were grown in the
neighborhood, but these were the
varieties in our own orchard.

* * *

AMONG US IN THOSE DAYS
commercially canned fruit was un-
known. Of native fruit there was
abundance — wild strawberries,
found in occasional patches in the
woods and meadows, wild raspber-
ries and blackberries, gathered
from thickets in the rail fence
corners, cherries, plums, peaches
and grapes. These were all per-
ishable, but were preserved accord-
ing to the formula of pound for
pound of brown sugar and fruit.
Apples provided fresh fruit until
late spring, so that there were only
a few weeks in late spring and
early summer when fresh fruit was
not available in abundance. We
knew nothing about vitamins, but
we got them, just the same. That's
what made us tough.

* * *

MAJOR BERG AND W. K.
Treumann were exchanging re-
miniscences of the Philippine cam-
paign the other evening, and Berg
recalled the time when Captain
Mudgett sent out his uniform to
be pressed. The captain had offi-
cial duties which kept him in Ma-
nila for a long time, and he made
it a point to be appropriately and
immaculately dressed at all times.
For that reason he kept several
uniforms always on hand. A pri-
vate named Blatz, who was serv-
ing as orderly, or something of that
sort, was sent one day with one of
the captain's uniforms to be
pressed. Blatz took the uniform,
but instead of taking it to be
pressed, he put it on and went
down town into quarters prohib-
ited to privates but free to officers.
In a captain's uniform he was quite
safe, and he had a fine time. He
kept this up for two weeks before
returning the uniform, all properly
pressed, as it was not missed in
the meantime.

* * *

BLATZ IS DESCRIBED AS A
reckless, happy-go-lucky fellow,
ready to try anything once, and
seemingly immune to fear. He was
recommended for a medal or honor
for bravery, but because of some
technicality the award was not
made. When Major Berg was
leaving for home Blatz sought him
out to say goodbye. The major ex-
pressed surprise that Blatz was not
returning with the rest of the
North Dakota outfit. "No," said
Blatz, "I'm going to stick for a
while. I was recommended for a
medal, but it fell through. Now
I'm going to stay here until I get
it." Not long after his return Ma-
jor Berg read that Private Blatz
had been awarded his medal. He
had started all over again and dis-
tinguished himself afresh.

ON A SMALL FARM NOT FAR away an aged lady afflicted with an incurable malady, lives in the knowledge that death is near, that it may come in a few hours, and that it can scarcely be more than a few weeks away. Death, inevitable and known to be imminent, is awaited sometimes in fear, sometimes with bitter complaining, sometimes with obviously stimulated courage, and sometimes with



W. P. Davies. an ostentatious display of patient resignation. This good woman approaches death in none of these attitudes. As best she can in her physical condition she lives her life each day as she has been accustomed to live it, happy, witty, with a cheery greeting for the friend who calls, and a funny story to send him away in laughter. She has lived her life wholesomely and naturally, and she will continue to live it that way until the end.

* * *

IT IS TOLD OF THE GREAT preacher, John Wesley, that on being asked how he would conduct himself if he knew that he were to die at the close of the next day. Wesley replied that on rising he would do thus and so, and thus and so, repeating the schedule which he had actually in mind for the next day. "And then," he said, "I should lie down and go to sleep." It is in that spirit that the fine woman on the farm rounds out her days.

* * *

DROUTH IS A CONDITION which has occurred from time to time in almost every part of the world. The present drouth is no greater than any which have preceded it. It differs from most others in the extent of territory affected at one time. A condition which occurs sporadically almost every year is this year almost world-wide. In 1872 the north-western prairies were stricken with drouth, concerning which H. V. Arnold, in his History of Grand Forks county, has the following:

* * *

"THE YEAR 1872 WAS A HARD one in the valley, yet people already here were not particularly affected by it for the reason that the business being done and the avocations they followed were not, as yet, based upon agriculture. There was, as yet, scarcely any attempts to cultivate the land west of Red river, and in Grand Forks county its agricultural development did not fairly set in until toward the end of the decade. Here the principal cause was the lack

of railroad facilities in this part of the valley."

* * *

"IN REGARD TO CLIMATIC conditions in 1872 Mr. Arnold quotes John Kinan, a former hotel keeper at Grand Forks, who wrote in 1896:

"The year 1872 was a dry year; not a drop of rain fell from the first of May until snow fell the first of November. The grass grew about an inch long. You could not get a ton of hay all over this country, outside the river bottoms. The first of August vegetation was dried brown, not a green spear in sight. The first of September a fire swept this country and it was black from one end to the other. That summer General Hazen was sent out by the government to examine into and report on the resources of this country. He reported it a barren waste, fit only for Indians and buffalo. There has been a great deal of criticism in later years on General Hazen's official report by the press and otherwise. But any man that would travel over this country in the summer of 1872 and make any other report would be void of ordinary judgment. This report was sent broadcast all over the United States, and it took years of excessive advertising to counteract it."

* * *

IT MAY BE THAT IN THE near future we shall have an entirely new form of radio entertainment—musical comedy created exclusively for radio. A movement for the promotion of that form of art is under way, and a national survey conducted by Sigmund Spaeth, noted critic and commentator, reveals the existence of a pronounced opinion among authorities as to the desirability and feasibility of such a plan.

* * *

RADIO HAS ITS ADVANTAGES, and, in certain directions, its decided limitations. While television seems to be just around the corner, it has not yet been realized in general practice, and radio cannot now present the effects which depend on vision. The old musical comedy at its best was a delightful form of entertainment, but it was something to be seen as well as heard. Its music can be reproduced acceptably over the radio, but not its spectacular effects. Those who were familiar with Gilbert and Sullivan years ago can derive enjoyment from "Pinafore" over the radio, because as they listen they can recreate in their minds the stage pictures of fifty years ago. But the effect on one who has never seen the production must be entirely different. If the masters of the art can deliver to us by sound something which will be equal in value to the old musical comedy, and which will not leave us with a sense of something lacking they will be doing a good job.

MENTION OF THE CAPSIZ-
ing of the excursion steamer Vic-
toria on the river Thames near
London, Ontario, in 1881, prompts



a reminiscence
from Mrs. Earl
Minnie of the
days when Devils
Lake was a much
larger body of
water than it is
today and when
Captain - Heer
man navigated
his steamer the
Minnie H. be-
tween the city of
Devils Lake and
Fort Totten. In
1896 Mrs. Min-
nie's father,

Davies

Frank Judd, a

pioneer of the Devils Lake district,
had charge of the mail between
Devils Lake and the fort, and his
young daughters were given free
rides across the lake by the genial
captain. At that time the Chau-
tauqua was in full swing, and Sec-
retary LaRue made it a point to
provide acceptable entertainment
for the Chautauquans. On one oc-
casion in 1896 he had arranged for
an excursion on the Minnie H. at
reduced rates, and with an orches-
tra for dancing.

* * *

A BIG CROWD WENT ON THE
trip, among them a large group of
guardsmen from the military camp
near by. The weather was fine
when the boat started, but a storm
blew up, and the Minnie H, with
her heavy load, rolled dangerously
in the big waves and furious wind.
Captain Heerman signaled for
help, and a smaller boat, the Rock
Island, put out with a barge at-
tached. The barge was drawn up
alongside the Minnie H. and many
of the passengers were transferred
to it.

* * *

DURING THE CONFUSION
passengers crowded to the side of
the vessel next the barge, which
caused the steamer to list so badly
and so suddenly that one man slid
overboard. Fortunately he land-
ed on the barge with no greater
damage than a sprained wrist and
a bad scare. Mrs. Minnie says
that many of the women passen-
gers lost their Merry Widow hats
in the wind, some wept, others
prayed, and to make it all more
impressive the orchestra played
"Nearer My God, to Thee." One
visiting Devils Lake now would
not think that anything of the sort
could have been possible.

* * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS
said to be greatly interested in the

possibility of developing power by
impounding the tide water in Pas-
samaquoddy bay, which, as the
class in geography will remember,
juts off from the by of Fundy and
breaks the coast line just where
Maine joins New Brunswick. For
many years engineers have spec-
ulated on the possibility of gener-
ating power there. I believe the
thing has been pronounced feasible,
but the question is whether or not
the returns would be sufficient to
warrant the outlay for construc-
tion. Because of the configuration
of the coast the tides in the bay
of Fundy are almost the highest
if not actually the highest, in the
world. A high tide of 90 feet has
been known. Sixty feet is not un-
common, and some of the books
say that the normal is about 30
feet. When a body of water 30
or 40 miles wide rises at that rate
every day there is a lot of power
behind it.

* * *

BECAUSE OF WHAT SEEMS
to me to be the enormous power
possibilities involved the map of
Nova Scotia, just across the bay,
has long had a peculiar fascination
for me. If the class will examine
the map carefully I will explain
why.

* * *

THE UPPER END OF THE
bay of Fundy is forked, the two
branches being Chignecto bay and
Minas Basin—where Evangeline
lived. Each of these cuts almost
cross the land, the former reach-
ing to within about 10 miles of the
gulf of St. Lawrence, and the lat-
ter to within about 15 miles of the
Atlantic. The tides on the gulf
side and on the Atlantic side are
very much lower than in the bay
of Fundy.

* * *

BECAUSE OF ITS GREATER
area and the narrowness of the
channel which separates it from
the bay proper Minas basis seems
to offer the better prospect. My
scheme is very simple. I propose
the building of a dam across the
channel at the neck of Minas
basin a little less than the height
of normal high tide and the cutting
of a wide canal across from the
basin to the Atlantic. High tide
once a day will keep the basin
full. The dam will prevent the wa-
ter from flowing back. The canal
will carry an immense volume of
water to the lower Atlantic level.
and there you are. There would
be a constant flow in great vol-
ume through the canal, and a fall
of several feet. A set of turbines
on the Atlantic side would be kept
spinning the year around.

WHEN ONE STARTS FIGURING on the government plan for a great shelter belt through the prairie states he is apt to find the

results somewhat staggering. The belt is to extend 1,000 miles north and south, and is to consist of a series of 100 narrow belts, each seven rods wide, and running parallel for the whole distance. In each of these narrow belts there are to be seven rows of trees, a rod apart.



W. P. Davies.

This would be the equivalent of one continuous row of trees 700,000 miles long. If the trees stand one rod apart in the row there would be required for planting 224,000,000 young trees.

* * *

NURSERIES TO GROW THIS stock will occupy considerable space. Assuming that trees in the nursery are to stand one foot apart in the row, with rows three feet apart for cultivation, each nursery acre would contain 1,452 young trees, and it would require something over 15,000 acres of nursery space to accommodate the entire lot at one time.

* * *

WHILE THIS LOOKS LIKE A big undertaking the element of relativity changes the picture somewhat. If we had not been in the habit of growing corn, and it were announced some spring that it was planned during the next few months for the United States to plant, cultivate and harvest several billion hills of corn a few strokes with a pencil would demonstrate the magnitude of that task. Yet we have been growing those hills of corn every year for some time, and nobody has thought much of it.

* * *

SOME OF THE VERY FINE groves in the Red River valley was started, not from seed, but from cuttings. Cottonwood cuttings especially will establish themselves quickly if they are given reasonably good care and the weather conditions are favorable. But the ease with which cuttings can be planted was utilized by occasional settlers to acquire title to government land without rendering any real service for it.

* * *

THE OLD TIMBER CULTURE

act was designed to dot the prairies with groves, for long before the days of President Roosevelt, and long before the days of an organized forestation movement, the value of trees on the plains was recognized. In order to promote the planting of trees congress enacted that in the treeless sections one quarter-section in every section of land might be acquired as a tree claim, no residence thereon being required. On such a claim the settler was required to plant and cultivate ten acres of trees, according to certain general specifications.

* * *

THE INTENT WAS FINE, BUT the law was loosely drawn and more loosely administered, and while many settlers planted and cultivated trees in good faith, and thereby developed fine groves, there were others who took advantage of the laxity of the law and its administration to go through the motions of planting trees which could not possibly grow.

* * *

ONE MAN NOT FAR FROM Grand Forks made a tree claim filing, and broke and cropped a lot of it before planting trees which was quite regular. In the spring when he should have planted his ten acres he ordered and received a bundle of cottonwood cuttings sufficient to plant the tract. But in the spring he was busy with other things until too late for tree planting, and the cuttings all dried up. Early the next winter when the snow was deep, he took out the withered cuttings and planted them by poking holes in the snow with a wagon rod and sticking the twigs in the holes. He made final proof, declaring that he had cultivated the ground as required, and that he had planted the trees, and a complaisant neighbor who had assisted in the planting served as witness.

* * *

AL CAPONE AND CERTAIN others of his calibre have been removed to the government's new prison at Alcatraz, fitted up especially for desperate characters. In order to prevent the possibility of plans for escape or rescue they are to be permitted no communication whatever with the outside. There is not even a radio on the island, and prisoners in that group are not to be permitted even to read newspapers. With those contaminating influences eliminated, who knows but that at the end of his term Capone may emerge, a changed man?

MANY THINGS ENTER INTO the culture of trees," said Rev. Dr. J. G. Moore at his farm at Bowesmont the other day," but if a man



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is to succeed at it, one thing is absolutely essential. He must love his trees." In that respect Dr. Moore can qualify. Around the cosy cottage in which he spends his summers is a large grove containing 66 separate varieties of trees and shrubs, some of them represented by only a few specimens

and some by many, and of all those trees and shrubs he knows each by its first and middle name, and is acquainted with its entire history and temperamental peculiarities. This knowledge arises from his inborn love of trees and from experience gained in caring for each tree in its seedling days, nursing it through inclement weather, providing it with water in drouth, shielding it from the ravages of insect pests, binding up its wounds made by marauding animals or in tempest, and rejoicing as it grew in strength, and stateliness and dignity.

* * *

DR. MOORE HAS CARRIED a pack and driven dog sled while ministering as missionary to the fishermen of Labrador. He has breasted the storms of North Dakota winters as a Methodist pastor and as presiding elders before they called presiding elders district superintendents. Acquiring a small farm near Bowesmont he has added to his holding until now he has devoted a large share of his time to the cultivation of trees and the study of their tricks and manners. Early in the spring he and Mrs. Moore move out to the summer cottage which they have built on the farm, and there, among his trees, with incidental attention to sheep, cattle and grain fields, he has the time of his life.

* * *

FOR THIRTY YEARS DR. Moore has been growing trees at his farm home, and he has some magnificent specimens of both evergreen and deciduous trees. One interesting fact is that most of his trees were planted in sod, and not in cultivated ground, which is the usual custom. In his own practice he has made this plan succeed admirably. On his grounds, also, one may compare the relative growth of elms and box elders. Box elders are often planted for their supposed rapidity of growth, but

on the Moore grounds where in some cases the two varieties stand side by side, the elms far surpass the others in size.

* * *

LIKE OTHERS WHO GROW trees, Dr. Moore has been troubled by borers, which at times have threatened the existence of some of his trees. Eternal vigilance is required to keep ahead of these pests, also treatment with tar, cement and other applications to repair injuries.

* * *

AMONG THE FINEST TREES on Dr. Moore's plantation are the spruces, Black Hills, Colorado blue and Colorado green, which, grown from the seedling stage, have reached the proportions of magnificent forest trees. Incidentally, Dr. Moore says that he finds that the evergreens resist sleep storms much better than the deciduous trees, this being due to the greater elasticity of their branches.

* * *

CUT-LEAVED BIRCH ARE having a hard time of it during these dry years. Dr. Moore says that this tree reaches maturity in about 35 or 40 years, and cannot be expected to last much longer, and during the period of its growth it shows a tendency to die off at the top during excessively dry seasons. This tendency has been noted in many trees in Grand Forks, and several fine trees here have died this summer.

* * *

SINCE THE DRY PERIOD SET in Dr. Moore has adopted the method which has been followed by several farmers in the valley of building reservoirs to hold water through the summer. He has two of these and is about to build a third. These are excavations some fifteen feet deep and perhaps 100 feet across at the top, with sloping sides. These fill with snow in the winter, and from the melting snow and the run-off from adjoining fields they are filled to the brim. Dr. Moore's two reservoirs still contain water several feet deep after the summer's evaporation and the use of a large herd of stock.

* * *

WATER AT THE MOORE farm is reached at a depth of about 15 feet and when the right vein is struck the water is excellent for domestic use, although under present conditions wells cannot be relied on for any considerable quantity of stock. There is observed there, however, the same peculiarity that is observed in many other places in that while excellent water may be struck in one well, a boring only a few rods distant will yield water so strongly impregnated with salts of various kinds that it cannot be used.

A NOTE FROM MRS. F. A. Willson of Bathgate says: "While in Seattle last week I saw a copy of the Grand Forks Herald, and in



looking over the 'That Reminds Me' column I saw the poem: 'A fair little girl sat under a tree, sewing as long as her eyes could see,' but as there was no mention of the author I thought it might interest you to know that the poem was by Lucy Larcom, written to her niece, Lucy

W. P. Davies. Larcom Spalding when she was a small girl. Lucy Larcom was an aunt of my husband, the late Frank A. Willson. The poem can be found in Lucy Larcom's published book of poems."

* * *

I RECALL LUCY LARCOM AS the author of many graceful lyrics, none of which I remember now. Without knowing anything about it I had supposed that the name was assumed because of its pleasant alliteration.

* * *

FRANK A. WILLSON WAS the founder, and for many years publisher of the Bathgate Pink Paper, a paper distinctive because it was always published on pink stock, in keeping with its name, and distinctive, also, because of the originality and forcefulness of its editorials. It was distinctive, also, in being aggressively Democratic when Democrats were as scarce as hens' teeth in North Dakota.

* * *

WILLSON CONCEIVED THE original idea of giving to each of the four principal pages of his paper the name of one of the Pembina county towns. The first, and official page, was captioned "Bathgate Pink Paper." One of the inside pages was headed, I think, "Hamilton Oak Leaf," and I believe Neche and Cavalier figured in the other two captions.

* * *

WHILE WILLSON WAS OPERATING his Bathgate paper Frank Wardwell was editing the Pembina Pioneer Express and Grant Hager the St. Thomas Times. All of them usually had something interesting to say, and often it was said in an exceedingly spicy way. At one time when Willson and Wardwell were engaged in one of their frequent controversies, and the fight waxed fast and furious, J. K. Fairchild, who then published the Drayton Echo, undertook to show both disputants where they were wrong. But Fairchild did not belong in such fast company. The other two

editors turned upon him with one accord and left of him nothing but shreds and patches. Those were the grand days of weekly newspaperdom in North Dakota. Even if the editors didn't make much money they had a glorious time.

* * *

SOME YEARS AGO REV. MR. Birchenough—I don't recall his initials—was pastor of the Methodist church at St. Thomas. He was an excellent speaker and because quite widely known for political addresses which he delivered in one of the heated state campaigns. He was a Welshman, and I believe he came direct from Wales to Pembina county. There he became acquainted with Dr. J. G. Moore, who undertook to advise him while he was becoming acquainted with his new surroundings.

* * *

IT WAS SPRING, AND MR. Birchenough was at the Moore farm at Bowesmont helping with the planting of some trees. On leaving the house Dr. Moore put in his pocket a bottle of milk, which he planted, unobserved by Birchenough, at the foot of a tree, covering it with loose straw. When the work had been under way for some time and the two men had become well warmed up Dr. Moore said: "A cold drink would taste good. I remember I had some milk out here last spring. I wonder if there might be a bottle left somewhere." So saying he prodded around in the straw and presently discovered the bottle of milk, while Birchenough watched, pop-eyed. When the opened bottle was passed to him for inspection and he opened it and found it fresh and sweet he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses. "That's a nothing," said Moore. "You see in this country the ground froze very deep and thaws out slowly, so things will keep fresh for a long time."

* * *

ON THAT OR A SIMILAR OCCASION Birchenough found a colony of snakes in a ditch near by, and he brought the information to Dr. Moore. "Where are they?" asked Moore. "Right over there in that ditch, at least a dozen of them." Dr. Moore delayed for a few moments, knowing that the snakes were not likely to reappear in one place very long after being disturbed. When the men reached the ditch the snakes were gone. "I don't see any snakes," said Moore. "But I saw them, lots of them, crawling all over," said Birchenough. "I know," said Moore, sympathetically. "You thought you saw them. But we'll just keep this as quiet as possible. Think of the effect on your congregation if it were known that the preacher had been seeing snakes."

FRED E. WHITING, OF MINNEAPOLIS, doesn't actually make shirts, but he sells them for the company of which he is president,



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and he has been selling them in this northwestern territory for something like half a century. I suppose no man in the northwest has a larger line of individual customers. Whiting started in the shirt business as a young man, after serving several years as clerk in a general store in southern Minnesota. When he started out on his first trip into North Dakota he was a stranger to this territory, and his people in Minneapolis had sent him out to see whether he could sell shirts or not. A good deal depended on the results of that first trip.

* * *

FARGO WAS HIS FIRST North Dakota point, and there he called on a banker with whom he had been acquainted in Minnesota. The banker liked the youngster and decided to give him a lift. He called in all the young men of the bank, of whom Fred Goodman was one and said: "This is Fred Whiting, who sells shirts. Whatever he says is correct. I'm going to have him call on you immediately after banking hours, and I shall take it as a personal favor if each of you will give him an order and recommend him to your friends."

* * *

WHITING GOT A NICE STACK of orders there. He was given letters to the elite of Grand Forks, and the boys here gave him orders. And so the word was passed from place to place, and everywhere there were orders, lots of them. When the Fargo orders reached the office the staff looked them over and said: "Somebody has been pulling that youngster's leg. There aren't that many people in Fargo. They've been loading him up with phony orders. Better write him somewhere and see how many of these orders are good, if any."

* * *

BUT WHITING WAS MOVING right along, and collecting orders all the time. He kept a jump or two ahead of his mail. There were no telephones, and in those days the telegraph was used only in

cases of desperate emergency. Orders kept pouring in and they were allowed to pile up in the office until Whiting was finally reached. Then he talked turkey to that office. He wanted to know why in Sam Hill his customers should be kept waiting for their goods. Finally he induced the people in the factory to make the shirts and send them out, and greatly to the surprise of the office force the shirts were received and paid for.

* * *

SOME OF THE STATEMENTS about the Antarctic seasons are confusing. The facts themselves are confusing to a northerner, who finds it difficult to reconcile himself to the idea of winter in July and Christmas in midsummer. But some of the press dispatches are confusing the thing still more by referring to August 21 as the beginning of summer in the Antarctic. It isn't anything of the kind except that on that day the rim of the sun was visible for the first time above the northern horizon at Little America.

* * *

IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE the seasons are divided just as they are in the northern, except that they are reversed as to warm and cold seasons. At the south pole the sun reaches its highest point in the sky, about $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees above the horizon, approximately on December 21, our midwinter, and its lowest point on June 21. Theoretically on March 21 and September 21 it will swing around in a circle at the exact level of the horizon. Little America is several hundred miles from the pole, and gets its first glimpse of the returning sun about a month before the sun does. Points farther from the pole or nearer to it get their first glimpse of the sun earlier or later, according to their distance, and if they lie north of the Antarctic circle the sun shines on them at some time during every day—provided the weather is right.

* * *

DOWN IN FLORIDA SUNSHINE is advertised as one of the important assets. Years ago Lew Brown, publisher of the St. Petersburg Herald made an offer of free papers to everyone who wanted them on every day on which the sun did not shine at some time on St. Petersburg. That offer is still kept standing. Eight years ago Brown told me how many years he had been making that offer. It was quite a lot, and my recollection is that during the entire period he had been called on to make good only twice.